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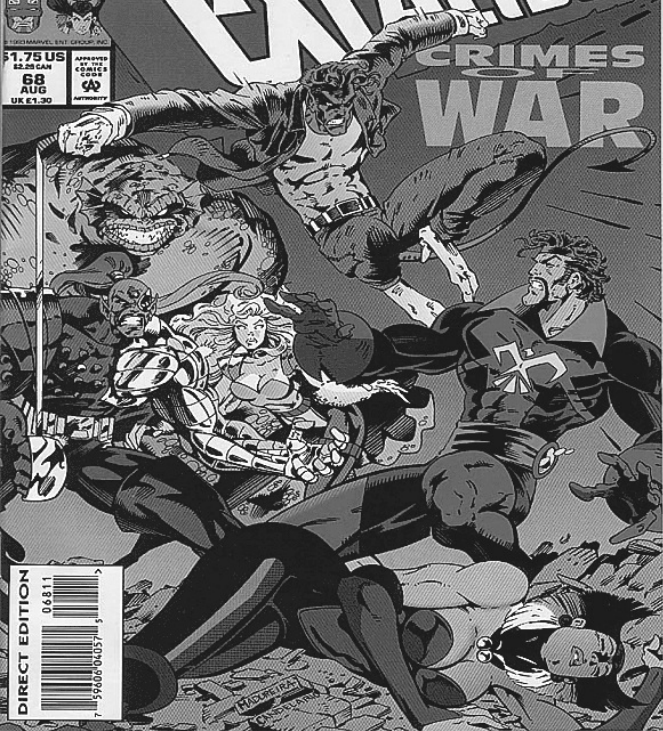
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GUEST-STARRING *STARJAMMERS*

EXCALIBUR

CRIMES WAR



DIRECT EDITION

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THE POWERFUL CAPTAIN BRITAIN, THE SHAPE-CHANGING MEGGAN, THE INTANGIBLE SHADOWCAT, THE TELEPORTING NIGHTCRAWLER, THE MYSTERIOUS PHOENIX, THE EVER-UNPREDICTABLE WIDGET AND LOCKHEED THE DRAGON FORGED IN THE FIRES OF THEIR TRAGIC PASTS. THEY HAVE BANNED TOGETHER TO FIGHT A MODERN DAY CRUSADE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS...

TO MOST PEOPLE,
"LOVE OF MY LIFE"
IS JUST AN EXPRESSION.

THEN AGAIN, MOST
PEOPLE ARE NOT
METAMORPHING
ELEMENTALS.

IN THE INSTANT MEGGAN
LOST CAPTAIN BRITAIN
TO A TEMPORAL WAVE--

--A CHRONOLOGICAL ANOMALY
THAT SEPARATED HIM FROM
THE REST OF EXCALIBUR ON
THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE
SO-CALLED PAYS OF
FUTURE PAST--

EXCALIBUR

... SHE LOST EVERYTHING.

HER HEART'S DESIRE...

... HER SENSE OF SELF...

... AND, QUITE POSSIBLY,
HER WILL TO LIVE.

MEGGAN...?

OR "WHATEVER
GETS YOU THROUGH
THE MOURNING..."

FACADES

"NO, YOU DIDN'T MISS AN ISSUE--IT'S JUST THAT THERE'S SO MUCH HAPPENING IN THE LIVES OF OUR MUTANTS ON THE MOOPS, WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT! WE'LL FILL YOU IN AS WE GO I--SUE

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WHAT THE
DEVIL...?

KYLLIN? WHAT
IS THE MEANING
OF THIS?

EASY, MY
LARGE FRIEND!
I WAS MERELY
TESTING YOUR
METTLE!

I HEARD YOU
TALKING TO
KITTY, AND I
THINK A BATTLE
SESSION IS AN
EXCELLENT IDEA!



WE'LL GOOD!
SOMEONE AROUND
HERE AGREES WITH
ME ON SOMETHING!

ALL THE FILES AT
F.I.G. LABELED THIS
TEAM AS THE PECULIAR
MUTANT TEAM.

Y'KNOW, EXPLODING
BATHROOMS, DINOSAUR
DOPPELGÄNGERS
CROSS-TIME CAPERS...

ALL I'VE SEEN DURING
MY OBSERVATION
PERIOD IS A BUNCH
OF ANGST-RIDDEN
SUPER-TYPES, ALL OF
WHOM ARE MORBIDLY
OVER-OBSSESSED WITH
DEATH.



GLAD TO SEE
YOU'RE NOT
CAUGHT UP IN
ALL THIS GLOOM
AND DOOM.



EVERY SUNRISE
I SIT AT THE GRAVE
OF MY BELOVED,
SA'THEEN.

I HONOR HER
MEMORY WITH AN
HOURS MEDITATION
ON HOW SHE'S
ENRICHED MY LIFE.

AND NOW, BY A
MARKER IN BRIAN
BRADDOCK'S NAME,
I OBSERVE A
SIMILAR RITUAL
EVERY SUNSET.

WE ALL HAVE OUR
OWN WAYS OF DEALING
WITH DEATH, SCOTT..



"I JUST KNOW
HOW TO PUT IT IN
ITS PROPER PLACE."

FIRST DOUG
DIED...

... THEN
BRIAN.

AND NOW
ILLYANA'S SICK...
MAYBE DYING.

EVERYONE I
LOVED AND CARED
FOR GOES AWAY.

ILLYANA...

RACHEL TOLD ME ABOUT
A FUTURE VERSION OF
MYSELF. SHE WAS ALL
ALONE, ALL HER FRIENDS
AND FAMILY WERE...
DEAD.

HEAVEN HELP
ME, LOCKEED
IS THAT WHAT
I HAVE TO LOOK
FORWARD TO?

STOP!



OH...
FERON...?

KITTY PRYDE,
I **COMMAND**
YOU TO STOP
CRYING!

XAVIER'S



I DID NOT MEAN FOR YOU TO GET UPSET...

IT'S JUST THAT BACK AT THE ORDER, BROTHER FRANCIS AND THE OTHER MONKS WOULD FOLLOW ANY COMMANDS I GAVE AND I JUST...



DON'T WANT TO SEE ME CRY, THAT'S SWEET.



BUT... THANKS, KID.

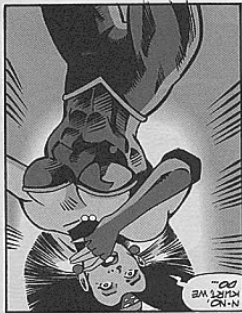
HR... HH... KITTY... ABOUT THOSE KIND WORDS...



DON'T SWEAT IT, FERON.











YOU DON'T
LOOK PLEASED
TO SEE US,
NIGHTCRAWLER.

LONG
TIME, SEE
NOT!

STARTAMME!



HERE IS
THE DEAL,
EXCALIBUR.

YOU'RE CURRENTLY
HARBORING A FUGITIVE
FROM THE SHI'AR
EMPIRE. WE'RE HERE
TO TAKE HER BACK.

LET US GO ABOUT
OUR BUSINESS, AND
THERE'LL BE NO
TROUBLE CROSS
US, AND FACE THE
CONSEQUENCES.



WHOA!
DEJA VU
ALERT!

I AGREE, RACHEL.
WE'VE WALKED
THIS PATH
BEFORE.

LOOK, CORBAIR,
I'M SURE THERE'S
A MISUNDER-
STANDING OF
SOME KIND IF WE
COULD JUST SIT
DOWN AND TALK
THIS OUT.

SORRY, NIGHTCRAWLER,
THAT'S A NO GO. YOU
PEOPLE ARE SHELTERING
ONE OF THE WORST WAR
CRIMINALS THE EMPIRE'S
EVER KNOWN.

THE TOPICS
NOT UP FOR
DISCUSSION.



IN THAT
CASE...



AND THEY SAY
BUREACRATS
MAKE THE BEST
DIPLOMATS.

LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL PLAY IT
YOUR WAY,
MEIN FREUND.



BUT I FIND
IT ONLY FAIR TO
WARN YOU, THE
PAST FEW DAYS
HAVE BEEN
PRETTY ROUGH.

AND WHAT YOU
WILL CALL A MIND-
LESS BRAWL, WE
WILL CALL GROUP
THERAPY!





AND THEY SAY
BUREACRATS
MAKE THE BEST
DIPLOMATS.

LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL PLAY IT
YOUR WAY,
KEIN FREUND



BUT I FIND
IT ONLY FAIR TO
WARN YOU, THE
PAST FEW DAYS
HAVE BEEN
PRETTY ROUGH.

AND WHAT YOU
WILL CALL A MIND-
LESS BRAWL, WE
WILL CALL GROUP
THERAPY!



HEPZIBAH
THINK YOU SHOULD
STICK WITH 'EXCALIBUR
ATTACK'...

NICER
RING IT
HAS.

UUMMPH!



A SIMPLE BINDING
SPELL SHOULD WRAP
THINGS UP...

-BEGINNING
WITH THEIR
LEADER.



ENERGY
BANDS FORMING
AROUND ME...

...CAN'T
MOVE!

I WON'T
TOLERATE
THIS, BOY!
I WAS BOUND
AND CHAINED
ONCE IN MY
LIFE.

AND I
SWORE...





NO, HEPZIBAH! HE
WON'T BE SO FEISTY
ONCE HE'S TASTED
MY STEEL!

HYUH!

CYBERNETIC
SYSTEMS...
FREEZING
UP!

HEE-
YAH!

LIKE IT, RAZA?
IT'S WHAT WE
ON EARTH CALL
A "HAND
PHASER."

THAT WAS
JUST THE STUN
SETTING.

OH DO! MICROMAX!
TIME TO CALL A TRUCE!

THIS IS
POINTLESS!

I'M NOT
GOING ANYWHERE
WITH YOU, STAR-
JAMMERS!

THAT'S SOME
GUILTY CONSCIENCE
YOU HAVE THERE,
PHOENIX!

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU'RE
THE ONE WE'RE
AFTER?

OOF!

WHAPP





IT IS
ME.

CERISE.

CORSAIR, I WOULD SEE
THIS ENGAGEMENT ENDED,
BEFORE MORE OF MY
FRIENDS ARE HURT.

CERISE?
WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHAT IS
THE MEANING
OF THIS?

IT MEANS THE
RUNNING, THE HIDING,
THE LYING, ALL OF IT
COMES TO AN END.

CORSAIR, I
RECOGNIZE THE
AUTHORITY OF
THE SHI'AR.

... AND I WILL
ANSWER FOR
MY CRIMES.

RAZA, TAKE
HER INTO
CUSTODY.



THIS MAKES NO SENSE!
YOU, CERGE? A CRIMINAL
OF WAR? A MURDERESS?

I DON'T
BELIEVE A
BIT OF
THIS!

IT'S
TRUE, KURT
WAGNER.

ALL
OF IT.



FORGIVE ME
FOR DECEIVING
YOU...

SO IS IT OVER, NIGHT-
CRAWLER? OR DO WE
KEEP BUTTING HEADS?

YOU DO NOT HAVE
TO LISTEN TO HIM,
KURT.

EXCALIBUR IS
MORE THAN UP
FOR THE
CHALLENGE!

NEIN.
IT'S OVER,
KYLIN.



ALL RIGHT
THEN!

HEPZIBAH,
ACTIVATE THE
STARGATE.

AS
CORSAIR
WISHES...



...THOUGH
MUCH RATHER
STAY 'N' SCRAP,
YES?







THAT'S IT
GUYS, SAY
ADIOS TO THAT
STARDATE
CLOSING
BEHIND
US.

SO WHAT
NOW, KURT?
THIS IS YOUR
SHOW.

DON'T LOOK
AT ME...

...I'M MAKING
THIS UP AS I
GO.

next time: THE SECRET OF CERISE!

OR "SHI'AR NOT! SHE IZZ TOO!"

BAICCE!
+
LAWSON
11.9.3



ACH! WHAT SHOULD WE DO, RACHEL?

SHE DOES NOT EAT NOR SLEEP DOES SHE EVEN HEAR US?

DO YOU SENSE ANYTHING TELEPATHICALLY?

WE SHOULD GET AN IMPROMPTU BATTLE SESSION GOING BY TWELVE HUNDRED HOURS. YOU KNOW THE RULES OF TRAINING.

WE HAVE TO KEEP THAT EXCALIBUR-BALL ROLLING, RIGHT?

KITTY?

DEAD SPACE

PART ONE

SCOTT LOBDELL
PLOT
DAVID SCOTT
SCRIPT
STEVE BUCCELLATO
PENCILS
HARRY CANDELARIO
INKS
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS
LETTERS
STEVE BUCCELLATO
COLORS
SUZANNE GAFFNEY
EDITOR
BOB HARRIS
GROUP EDITOR
TOM D'FALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

CREATED BY
CLAREMONT
& DAVIS

NO DICE. KURT.
MUTANT POWERS
WON'T SAVE THE
DAY THIS TIME.

WE'RE JUST GOING
TO HAVE TO RELY ON
THE OLD-FASHIONED
WAY: **BEING THERE**
FOR HER.

I HOPE IT
DOESN'T TAKE
HER TOO LONG
TO GET OVER
THIS.

WELCOME BACK,
SHADOWCAT, BUT
YOU'RE OVER AN
HOUR LATE--

-- AND TIME
WAITS FOR NO MAN,
AM I RIGHT? AND
WITH **CAPTAIN**
BRIAN GONE, AND
MEGGAN OUT OF
THE PICTURE...

ACTUALLY,
MICROMAX, I
DON'T CARE
IF THE BALL
DROPS.

AT THIS MINUTE,
I DON'T REALLY
CARE ABOUT ANY-
THING.

LEAST OF
ALL, ABOUT
YOUR RULES
AND REGU-
LATIONS!